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The Church in a World at War

BY ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

IN this country, the church repeatedly has declared that "war, as a means of settling international disputes, is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ." As recently as May of this present year, the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Church declared: "We believe that war is utterly destructive and that it is our greatest social sin, a denial of the ideals of Christ. We stand upon this ground, that the Methodist Church as an institution cannot endorse war nor support it nor participate in it." But now that war is again threatening to engulf the world, will the church maintain the position which but a short time ago it felt morally and religiously bound to take; or will it, as the voice of cynicism has predicted, begin to bless what formerly it cursed? No churchman, at the moment, may venture to do more than speak for himself.

My own belief is that modern totalitarian war has resting upon it the utter condemnation of God. I believe, therefore, that war as we now know it cannot possibly achieve any good end but can only accentuate every evil it seeks to correct. And in support of this belief I find overwhelming evidence in the historic events of the last twenty-five years.

The avowed aims of the First World War were no less lofty than are those which have been attributed to this present war. It, too, was a war, Woodrow Wilson said, not against the German people but against the German government, which by its policies and acts had affronted the conscience of mankind and become an intolerable menace to the world. It, too, was a war for justice, for freedom, for the liberties and rights of small nations—"to the end," we were told, "that no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people; but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of life,

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unhindered, unthreatened and unafraid, the little along with the great and the powerful." It, too, was a war fought in the belief that, having put down brute force and aggression, it would usher in a new world order.

PROMISES OF PERPETUAL PEACE

On January 11, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George said, "The world will be able, when this war is over, to attend to its business in peace. There will be no war or rumors of war to disturb and to distract. We can build up, we can reconstruct, we can till, we can cultivate and enlarge, and the burden and terror and waste of war will have gone."

On April 2, 1917—the day the United States entered the war—Woodrow Wilson, addressing the Congress, said: "It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the cause which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, and a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

On May 1, 1917, a former premier of France (M. Viviani), addressing the United States Senate, said: "And now we see all America rise and sharpen her weapons for the common struggle. Together we will carry on that struggle; and when, by force, we have imposed military victory, our labors will not be concluded. We will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism; we will establish guarantees for peace; and then we can disappear from the world stage, since we shall leave, at the cost of our common immolation, the noblest heritage future generations can possess."

In millions of human hearts there was *then* a noble concern for the future of the human race; and there was *then* a profound conviction that a military victory, if only it were won by the Allies, would put an end to Prussianism and all that implied and would make possible a civilization in which there would be liberty and opportunity and hope for all. For me, this conviction found moving expression in a poem which I came upon on my way to the front—a few lines scrawled on a piece of notepaper and found on the body of an unidentifiable Australian, who had written:

> Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
> Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife
> And know that out of death and night
> Shall rise the dawn of ampler life,
> Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
> That God has given you a priceless dower
> To live in these great times and have your part
> In freedom's crowning hour,
> That ye may tell your sons, who see the light
> High in the heavens, their heritage to take,
> I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
> I saw the morning break.

But the powers of darkness were not put to flight. Men were killed, millions of them, including promising young writers and artists and musicians and scientists and philosophers. Women were left desolate, millions of them, including young girls twelve and thirteen years of age, who after the war was over were found on the streets of more than one European capital offering their bodies for bread. Wealth was destroyed. Hunger stalked over vast areas of the earth. The world was set on the road to an economic debacle from which it has not yet recovered. But justice was not achieved. Freedom was not secured. The rights and liberties of small nations were not guaranteed. Brute force was not banished from international affairs. The world was not made safe for democracy, for free inquiry or free discussion or morality or religion or for anything else that decent men care for. A heritage there was for the sons of the men who died in the First World War, but it was not light "high in the heavens" or anywhere else; it was the descending darkness of another war.

WHAT CAN THE CHURCH DO?

During those bitter years of disillusionment that came after 1918, there were many people who felt that the church had betrayed them, that, instead of voicing the sanity, the righteousness and the mercy of God, it had voiced only the passions of unthinking multitudes and the will of scheming governments that, behind the backs of the fighting men, had flouted the avowed aims of the war. Today, the common man the world around has a right to expect that the voice of the church will not be the same as the voice of secular journalism, of political partisanship, of deliberately misleading propaganda or of self-interest hypocritically intoning the ritual of patriotism. It would be simply dreadful if the church yet once again should betray the people; for not only is there reason to believe that the church, in that event, would store up for itself grapes of wrath in years to come, but also there is reason to believe that, in that event, the world, left without light or leading, would plunge into an all-engulfing abyss.

If the church does not bless this present war, what may it do for the people of its own nation and for the world? It may *not* do what it did twenty-odd years ago. It may not leave unread large portions of the New Testament, including the Sermon on the Mount. It may not turn its pulpit into an agency of national propaganda. It may not promote a spirit of hate and vengeance. It may not pray, as did a popular evangelist, "God damn the Kaiser." It may not say, as did a trusted bishop of an American church, "All this indiscriminate, flabby, spineless, godless talk about loving the Germans ministers to a wrong peace, a peace which cannot last overnight." It may not withdraw its allegiance from the Christian God and give it to a tribal deity who, in his dealings with human beings, employs violent, mechanical means. It may not devote all its energies to the winning of the war. It may do something more Christian than that. It may devote its energies to the *ending* of the war as speedily as possible, without a decisive military victory on either side, and to the creation, by unforced negotiation, of a just and lasting peace.

In 1916 Woodrow Wilson pleaded for a peace without victory. His plea was met with shouts of derision and scorn. So we did not get a peace without victory. We got a peace with victory—the peace of Versailles! Undeniably, a peace without victory means surrender. But the surrender of what? The surrender of power to impose upon a defeated foe a peace without mercy, without justice, without reason, without honor in any true sense of the word; a peace which betrays the avowed aims of the war and the gallant men who gave their lives to achieve them and the gallant women who suffered the loss of all things in hope of them. Peace without victory means the surrender of power to pro-

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duce another Brest-Litovsk, another Versailles, another economic debacle, another epidemic of dictatorships, another recrudescence of paganism, another world war. There may be some who will insist on fighting it out to the bitter end, or, to say it more accurately, there may be some who, themselves being in a position of comparative security, may insist upon other men's fighting it out to the bitter end. But, in the name of Christ, let the church now demand a peace without victory, a peace not imposed by force in the interest of empire but negotiated by reason in the interest of mankind.

As I see it, the church in every nation has reason to rejoice in the expressed desire of the American people to stay out of this war. By going into the war we might help to decide the military and imperialistic issue in favor of Great Britain and France; also, to our own disgust and dismay, we might help to bring about another Versailles, another economic debacle, another period of world chaos. But consider what we might do if we should stay out of this war. We might save democracy in the United States, where it now must be saved if it is not to perish from the earth. Also, we might devote some of our financial resources to the relief of human suffering in the war-torn areas of the earth. Instead of spending eight billions of dollars annually in an effort to kill people, we might spend a portion of that huge sum in an effort to help people, including unemployed Americans. We might initiate and continue a conference of neutral nations to discover ways and means to bring the war to an end. We might keep alive in the world enough sanity and good will to make possible the creation of a just and lasting peace. We might, at the earliest possible moment, associate ourselves with other nations in persistent efforts to establish peace in economic justice and in an international order such as would be able, by peaceful means, to secure necessary change in the interest of justice.

BLOOD MONEY IS BAD MONEY

As I see it, the church in this country is now bound to do all it can to keep the United States out of the war, in order that this nation may retain its present opportunity to do something healing and constructive for the world. And this I believe: If you take the position that war is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ and that war as we now know it has resting upon it the utter condemnation of God, you cannot then consistently favor sales to belligerents of the means of waging war. I am myself convinced that a war boom in munitions would set this country on the road to war, as it did twenty-odd years ago. But what I am here particularly concerned to say is that blood money is bad money. As God lives, a prosperity built upon the mutilated bodies of innocent children and unoffending peasants cannot last. Do we Americans want to make money through sales of bombing planes that will be used to rain death and destruction on open towns and cities? I speak for those who do not. I speak for those who want not only to keep this country out of war but also to keep this country from staining its hands with the innocent blood of the aged and of women and children.

It is now being often said that the church should do all that lies within its power to prevent the development of hysteria and hate. Let the church refuse, then, to countenance the unjustified belief that any one individual or nation must bear the sole responsibility for this present European war. The peace of Versailles was built on the premise of the sole guilt of the German nation. That premise, as we now know, was false. And if we are now to see clearly and act constructively, we must not repeat the mistake of looking for a scapegoat. In 1917, it did no good to produce and exhibit a motion picture entitled "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin." We got rid of the Kaiser; we did *not* get rid of Prussianism. It will now do no good to substitute Hitler for the Kaiser. It is doubtless true that some governments have been more guilty than others of inexcusable crimes against God and man. But it is a fact, which now needs to be recognized, that we all share in some degree the guilt of ambitions and practices that have led to disaster.

"It is evil things," Mr. Chamberlain has said, "that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution." Such evil things are to be found in Germany. Are they to be found only in Germany? As for brute force, it has been used to establish every empire on earth and, which is more, it is now being used by *every* empire to crush the resistance of exploited peoples and to maintain imperial gains. As for bad faith, who cheated Italy of the reward that was promised her in the treaty of London? And who violated the pledge made in 1919 that the disarmament of Germany would be but the first step to general European disarmament? As for injustice, who framed the treaty of Versailles? As for aggression, who initiated an attack upon Galicia, who invaded Russia and took a large slice of the Ukraine, who took Vilna from Lithuania, and who, when Czechoslovakia was overrun by storm troopers, walked in and snatched Teschen away from her? As for oppression and persecution, is there any country in Europe whose minorities have suffered more terribly than have the minorities of Poland or whose own peasants have been more cruelly oppressed?

WE, TOO, HAVE SINNED

And what about ourselves? Perhaps one may justify the refusal of the United States to enter a League of Nations which, *politically,* was used merely to maintain the status quo fixed at Versailles, its dominant members being two great powers who, having themselves acquired all the territorial possessions they wanted, blandly announced that the days of old-fashioned imperialism were over. But can one justify the refusal of the United States to join the World Court? Can one justify the Smoot-Hawley tariff? Can one justify an act which denied to Orientals the right to be placed on the same quota basis which governed immigration from other countries? Can one justify the making of money through sales to aggressors of the means of aggression?

The world almost certainly would have been spared the awful misery and menace of this present hour if, at the end of the last war or at any time up to 1936, there had been an honest, earnest attempt to right wrongs, to do justice, to show mercy, to introduce reason and right into world affairs. What is now desperately needed is not another war to achieve ends which war cannot achieve but rather a determined will to make peace in the only way it ever can be made; namely, by doing justice, by loving mercy and by walking humbly with God.

Certainly it is the duty of the Christian church to develop this will to peace. But how can the church hope to develop a genuine and intelligent will to peace if it allows the people of its own nation to remain in the unilluminating belief that it is not necessary for them to mend their ways, it is only necessary for their enemies to mend their ways? All honor to the Bishop of Birmingham, who, it is reported, has circulated among the clergy of his diocese a series of hints for wartime sermons, of which three read as follows: "Do not create a self-righteous patriotism which assumes that our national policy in the past has been wholly good in motive or effect. Do not speak as though we had no responsibility for the creation of the temper which led to war. On the other hand, do not repudiate our right to be indignant over a known wrong. Repudiate the idea that Hitlerism can be conquered by force. Evil political systems can be destroyed only by moral victories." The church can now develop the will to peace only in the event that it calls upon all men to stand before God in a spirit of penitence and humbly, earnestly ask, "What wouldst Thou have us do?"

THE CHURCH'S TASK

Let the church pray "without ceasing" that the will of God may be done, that his blessed Kingdom may come on earth as it is in heaven.

Let the church endeavor to keep unbroken the world-wide fellowship in Christ that, in recent years, has been marvelously fostered in world conferences.

Let the church of every denomination, emulating the Society of Friends, discover ways and means to minister to the victims of war both in Europe and in Asia.

Let the church in this country give more attention than it has yet done to the tragic plight of the unemployed. We have billions, apparently, to spend for armament, but we have cut "relief" for the poor to a point which means slow starvation for hundreds of thousands of our people. Rickets and pellagra are now appearing in our large cities. And not only women but men are offering their bodies for bread! Here, certainly, is a situation which should receive the attention of the church, not only to the end that it may be ameliorated but also to the end that the conditions which have given rise to it may be corrected. The church, concerned now for the relief of human suffering in Europe and Asia, is also bound to do something about human suffering in its own neighborhood.

The Chicago church federation, adopting a statement which it was my privilege to draft, has declared: The church should itself respect the consciences of its own members, those who feel able to participate in war and those who do not. It should not fail, even in the event of war, to give moral support to its own conscientious objectors. In the event of their being summoned to appear before a draft board, the church, as represented by its clergy or by some of its laity, should stand with them, bearing testimony to their integrity. In the event of their being made to suffer for conscience' sake, the church should give to them and to their families every kind of needed help.

There is a power beyond man that is working for good in the world, a power whose presence as a moral order in the universe means that evil, whatever may be its present victories, cannot permanently succeed; and that truth and right and mercy and peace, whatever may be their immediate defeats, are destined at last to prevail. That is the Christian faith, which can and does look beyond the news dispatches of today. In that faith let the church itself take heart, and let it put heart into those many millions of men and women who now desperately need to believe that, because there is God, there is hope for the world.

'Lest Ye Fight Against God'

By Boynton Merrill

JOB, who is to the Bible and Hebrew literature what Hamlet is to Shakespeare and English letters, is represented in the great play that bears his name as having endured more than the tragedies that one by one overtook him. He also endured the added hardship of listening to well-meaning friends who tried to bring him comfort by virtue of argument. They talk to him in that great play endlessly. Their words add up almost to zero—save that this book has become the classic demonstration of the fact that when tragedy really breaks over men's hearts they need the shelter of something more than arguments. They need the sustaining of more than clever reasonings.

The best that Job's friends could say was not good enough. Human words generally do fall short. But, toward the end of the book, we move away from the area of human argument, away from the querulous complaints of Job, away from the hair-splitting of his friends into a very different region. The poetry becomes as magnificent in its imagery and as moving in its breathless, headlong sweep as anything ever written. The concluding chapters represent, not the voice of man, but the Voice out of the Whirlwind; and that Voice, the Voice of God, so declares the wonders of the universe, so piles marvel upon mystery and mystery upon marvel that at last Job (and Job is only a symbol of all suffering and perplexed humanity) confesses that human wisdom and power are as nothing over against the wisdom and power of God. He discovers that the greatest comfort is found when he stands humble before the Eternal who made him, that the greatest wisdom is glimpsed when he seeks to learn God's ways and to walk in them obediently.

"THE LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT"

We are living in days when the whole world is, like Job of old, face to face with the fact of tragedy. The sons of the hero of that great story died; so, too, by the thousands the sons of men—some of them only babies in cradles—are dying. Sickness came upon Job; pestilences are almost certain to rise up out of war and sweep the world. His cattle were slain and his fields laid waste; so, too, today the labor of the husbandman is being set at naught. Job sat on a heap of dirt and wept; today a hundred thousand are sitting on the dirt heaps that were once their homes and are weeping. The gigantic folly, the monstrous stupidity is only a few weeks old. The tragic prospect must force us, surely, to go beyond arguments.

"The lights are going out all over Europe tonight," said Earl Grey in 1914, on the eve of that war. Now, twenty-five years later, they're going out again. The light of truth, the light of liberty, the light of reason, the light of religion, the light of culture and civilization, all are being deliberately blacked out. The winds of old hatreds and of new ones have been let loose. The lust for power is sweeping once more like a hurricane. The fearful experiences of 1914 are being deliberately forgotten and repeated. Lying deceits like sewer rats infest every capital of the world.

As the great Goethe lay dying just about one hundred years ago, he cried out, "Light, more light." So today in this world where so many lights have already gone out there are still some of us who yet want "light—more light."

We would more clearly see our immediate duty. But we would see our duty not in the light of self-interest, not in the light of what is best for this decade or this country even. The light we need must come from a

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source mighty enough and fall in a circle wide enough to illumine far more than these. Sufficient light cannot fall for us either from argument any more than it did for Job. Let me briefly present one side of one argument to prove that arguments are apt to generate, as they did with Job, more heat than light; and it is light that we need.

THE LURE OF PROFITS

I cannot find words to express my grief and despair at what looks to me like a deliberate and horrible hypocrisy being worked in Washington. One cannot know what the truth really is; one can only read the papers. We do know, however, that two years ago the United States Congress, with the sympathetic support of a majority of the people, foreseeing this very cataclysm, deliberately took a firm stand to remain out of war. Embargo legislation was passed which would keep us, we hoped, honestly neutral. It would cost us profits, the blood-stained profits of war—but we wanted none of

them. So we said. It seemed as though the years 1914-18 had really taught us something.

A few weeks ago the President solemnly declared that there would be no black-out of peace in this country if he could prevent it. The fathers and mothers of our young men and boys slept more securely that night. But, if the papers are to be trusted, his actions seem to belie his words. He seems, to some of us, to be seeking with strange intensity to be doing all he can to insure our unneutrality and to follow a course which thousands of competent judges believe will hasten our entrance into war. Even as he spoke of peace he was apparently seeking to secure enough pledges from congressmen to wreck the carefully conceived embargo act which is now part of our law. He was taking steps which would put us again into the fearful, fateful business of supplying the implements of death to any who would pay cash for them and could come and get them. The elected representatives of the people were to pledge their votes in advance.

They were to go on record before the people could express their will and wish. They were to take America past the safeguard erected two years ago. They were to take America back over the very paths she walked in 1914. They were to lead America to war profits and away from honest neutrality and these, many wise men feel, are but steps back into the ancient hatreds and slaughterings of Europe. They were to do it, so it would seem, without consulting the people who, a short two years ago, said, "No!" This seems the clear inference of what one reads today. "To save democracy," we said in 1917. "To save democracy," we say now. But this advance pledging of votes seems, to me at least, to be the very antithesis of the democratic method.

An ominous little hint came over the radio yesterday: the owners of American vessels had expressed fear that if the war supplies were carried in other than American vessels they would lose business. Their claim, it was reported, would receive "sympathetic consideration." It is so heartless, so wicked, so tragic. A deliberate choice of war profits even though it means the death, probably, of American boys. Certainly thousands of men whose opinions must be respected feel exactly as did a senator who returned from Europe yesterday and said this, "Every vote against the present embargo law is a vote to put us into war."

THE BETRAYAL AT VERSAILLES

Men say, "Don't you believe in England and France?" Yes, I do. But I believe in America more. "Don't you see they are fighting our battle?" In a sense they are fighting our battle, but I cannot forget that, although we fought side by side through the years 1917-18, when the time came to make peace, they deliberately sowed some of the seeds of this present awful harvest of death. In 1918-19, in resolute anger, Lloyd George and the Tiger of France did their full share in slaying the spirit of Wilson's fourteen points, in trampling his efforts for a just peace, and in flinging America's idealism (which carried some of us into the war) into the muck of revenge. The spirit of revenge surely produced the iniquitous Versailles Treaty which in turn has helped produce the monstrous Hitler. Hitler is a hateful creature because he was born of hatred. Hitler may well be called a mad man; but we should remember that he was born out of a madness which was not all on one side.

Light will not fall for us in these days from the capitals of this world. Rather, from the capitals of this world we are going to get fearful propaganda. Wicked pressures from conscienceless men who, having tasted power long for more, will begin to come upon us all. They will talk of democracy, but they will take steps to kill it. Someone has said, "Truth is the first casualty in war." It is so. When war comes, even in a democracy like ours, the precious liberties guaranteed in the Bill of Rights are denied. We are forced to live under a tyranny. In the fight to preserve democracy, democracy is first slain. They will talk of liberty, but they will take steps to surrender it. They will talk of the will of the people, but they seem ready to trample that will. No. The light that comes to us from the capitals of the world is a light that tragically resembles the light of bursting shells and burning cities.

DICTATION FROM ABOVE

It is into such mires as these that wordy arguments lead us. Job found that out three thousand years ago. We are going to find it out in the days that lie ahead of us. Arguments generally generate ill-will rather than understanding.

Yes, we need to look beyond the self-interests of the owners of ships, or the manufacturers of war materials and those drunk with power politics. We need to look beyond the immediate interests of America and the ideals of democracy even. We need to look into the kingdom of what we know is right, into the kingdom of the sacredness of human life, into the kingdom of God's will as uttered through the best conscience of the individual heart and the noblest dreams of the race. We need to search our hearts "lest we be found even to fight against God." We need, if we can get it, the wisdom that emanates not from below but from above.

The wisdom from below would dictate that we serve our own selfish interests, financial and otherwise. The wisdom from below would dictate that we do our part to keep a large section of the peoples of this earth at a less than human level of sustenance so long as the Christian democracies have bread enough and to spare. In this country, reputable figures tell us, there are sixty inhabitants to every arable acre of ground; in Germany one acre of ground has to support four hundred and seventy-five people; in Italy there are seven hundred to every arable acre; and in Japan there are two thousand to every such acre. It is no wonder that they do hateful things. Should we not, perhaps, open our minds to the bare possibility that they snarl and are thus desperate because they are hungry?

The wisdom from below would dictate that we throw away into the maelstrom of war precious lives that we may, perhaps, perpetuate a rather imperfect form of human government which happens to hold for us precious values and great promise. But that form is

more imperiled from within, I believe, than from without. Surely if the democratic processes are observed and honored in this country now, there will be no swift steps toward this war. The wisdom from below would seem to dictate that we should imperil all that the forefathers dreamed of and died to plant on this new continent for the sake of putting down a mad man, who was made mad partially by the iron hatred and bitter vengefulness of the very ones we would now aid.

The wisdom from above would seem to dictate that we remember the ancient command, "Thou shalt not kill"—and the more recent command of the Master we claim to follow, "Thou shalt not hate." It would seem to dictate that we look past immediate self-interest to the maintenance somewhere in the world of a people frankly unwilling to profit by the distress of others. It would seem to dictate that we try, in a world gone insane, to keep sane in order that liberty and religion and truth may have one sanctuary on earth from which to venture again into a wrecked world perchance to lift it into better paths. Sometime, somewhere, some nation or people will dare to stop trying to overcome evil with evil, they will try to overcome evil with good. Without being self-righteous, we have, I do believe, a heaven-given chance to do it—if we dare.

THE LIGHT OF IDEALS

It is in this area of religion, of good will, of forgiveness, of justice, of hope, of the long look, of ideals which are, I believe, God-implanted that light shines for our dark world. If we go to war, other things more precious than peace will be blacked out. If we refuse to walk into this new brawl, peace and the other precious heritages of the race may find a sanctuary now and a new life later.

The book of Job opens with a man shaking his fist at heaven, with a man shouting his bitter hatred against the day of his birth, declaring that all that remains for him is to curse God and die. It continues with a man worn sick by the arguments of his friends. It ends with a man humbled upon his knees for, having stood face to face with God, he became repentant for his anger and is aware that argument and bitterness only tear his own life to shreds and bring hurt and harm to others.

Three thousand years lie between Job and Albert Einstein, but Job and Einstein come to the same conclusion—"that all the systematic thinking and acting of human beings is an utterly insignificant reflexion when compared with the superior intelligence revealed in the harmonies of natural law." Another great modern scientist, Michael Pupin, writes an entire book to declare to our modern world what Job also learned: that if our great universe and human life teach anything at all, they teach that order, not chaos, is God's purpose; that cooperation with God, not dusty rebellion against God, is man's high destiny; that a slow but sure triumph of the spirit over flesh is prophesied and promised in the pages of both natural evolution and human history.

These things, the supremacy of the spirit, man's glad cooperation with the Eternal, harmonious order are, these great men say, the divine events toward which creation moves. These are the shining citadels of the City of God which lies out beyond the bound of the waste. The man who dares to walk and live in their light will find that he is fighting with God, not against him. These modern seers declare, and Job came to see, that the Eternal's ultimate purposes can no more be set aside by human fury than the beating of a butterfly's wing can set aside the downward plunge of Niagara, the rising of the sun, or the advent of spring. All that happens is the death of the butterfly. Niagara plunges on. The sun still rises. Spring still comes.

Yes, the light from above would seem to fall upon a verse in the New Testament: "Refrain from these men and let them alone; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Four Anchors

By George Craig Stewart

As we were drifting through the sea the shipmen sounded and when they had gone a little further sounded again. Then they cast out four anchors and watched for dawn. Acts 27:28, 29.

ON January 26, 1830, Daniel Webster rose in the United States Senate to reply to Hayne. The moment was a tense one. "Mr. President," said Webster, "when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm to find how far the elements have driven him from his course. Let us imitate this prudence and before we drift farther on the waves of debate refer to the point from which we departed that we may conjecture where we are. I call for the reading of the resolution before the Senate."

I propose this morning a similar procedure—to conjecture where we are *now* with respect to our religion. Let us take soundings to find whither we are drifting.

In days like these we need to re-examine our fundamental faith, to establish planes of reference from which all our judgments on the course of events may be wisely and Christianly made. We need to have an anchorage. I propose four basic convictions as fundamental to a Christian outlook.

I

And the first one is this: Faith in the reality and sovereignty of Almighty God.

With this faith, the whole field of planetary history, the whirling kaleidoscope of events, the tragic and comic procession of little human figures swollen to enormous size by their own pretensions of determining destiny, the ebb and flow of the tide of what we call progress, the rise and fall of nations, the appearance and disappearance of cultures, the tramp of armies, the flight of bombing planes, the joys and agonies of men—all are viewed from a point or plane of reality which we call the Eternal, and take on a meaning, a significance infinitely vast. We get perspective. We see

humanity and human affairs not from a bird's eye view but from God's eye view. We are far enough away from the trees to see the wood. Without such a faith, life is "nasty, brutish and short"—and without dignity or destiny, without meaning or significance.

I am not going to argue the existence of God. Archbishop Temple has pointed out again and again that philosophy can never assure us of God. "The ultimate questions of philosophy are the primary assurances of religion." I believe in *God!* I believe in God as the power that controls the universe and exercises that control in righteousness. Science discovers in nature order and control, an order more immense in its range, more exquisite in its perfection of every detail than our minds can ever begin to compass. We cannot hesitate to say there is intelligence and apparently perfect intelligence in control of the physical universe. Science is possible only because of the reliability of a universe that is not capricious but constant.

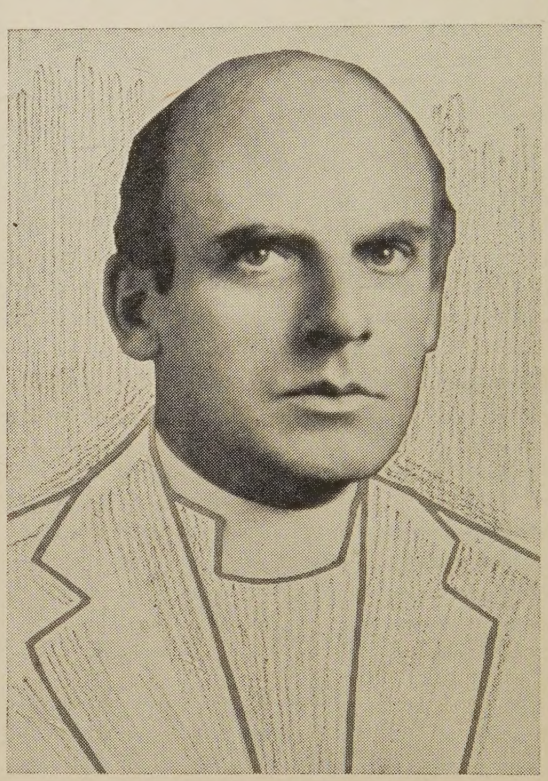
We observe too that human beings transcend all else in nature not merely by thinking out how to achieve ends, but by a capacity for choice between ends sought; for example, between duty and pleasure. We observe that all men have a sense of obligation. Where does this sense of oughtness, of moral choice and responsibility, come from? It can come from nothing else than a power that is righteous at the heart of the universe. As Balfour said, "I believe in a God that takes sides, that loves and hates," that is holy.

God then I conceive not merely as a great creator, but the all-righteous too; not merely infinitely *powerful,* but infinitely *holy.*

There is one other concept of God which I as a Christian hold—that God is active in the world and in history, not merely as a pervading principle, but as personally living, carrying out and effecting his holy will. That is the great distinction between Christian theism and the God of Greek philosophy, or of Indian philosophy. With them God is an eternally perfect being, existing unchangeably, so unchangeably as to be incapable of particular action. He does everything in general but nothing in particular. Christians believe that he acts freely and sovereignly in the world.

"All nations are before him as nothing, and counted to him as less than vanity. They are as a drop in the bucket and small dust in the balance. The Lord makes bare his holy arm in the sight of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

Let us get a solid hold then upon the sovereignty of a living, personal, active God of righteousness. I know—each nation claims him as on their side. *"Gott mit uns!"* cries the German. *"God defend the right!"* cries the Briton. *"Dieu le veult!"* says the Frenchman. And if we were at war we would be praying to God to bless our righteous American cause. To the average man there can be no denying that religion is strangely corrupted by national pseudo-patriotism. God takes on the lineaments and traits of the people claiming him. To the Englishman he is likely to become a rather vast, venerable and respectable Tory; to the Frenchman a divine Napoleon; to the German a vaster von Hindenburg; and to the American, Uncle Sam in glory. It's too absurd, isn't it? How can God be on all sides? Well, as a matter of fact he must often be, so far as nations are concerned, on all sides, supporting with his might whatever justice and righteousness may be on this side and on that, and against all the evil, selfishness, greed, rottenness, on that side and this. He is not the God of any nation, but the righteous God of all the earth, who picks up nations as thunderbolts and uses them to effect his will. He lifts this one up and puts that one down, not in accordance with laws of national ambition but according to laws of righteousness. As the Archbishop of York closed his great sermon to the



GEORGE CRAIG STEWART

bishops assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral for the opening of the Lambeth Conference in 1930, these were the stirring words of his peroration:

"While we deliberate, He reigns;
When we decide wisely, He reigns;
When we decide foolishly, He reigns;
When we serve Him humbly, loyally, He reigns;
When we serve Him self-assertively, He reigns;
When we rebel and seek to withhold our service, He reigns!"

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish truth is so,
That howsoe'er I stray or range,
Whate'er I do Thou dost not change;
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

II

The next thing is to get solidly hold of man's freedom given him by God. Here is a paradox. God is

sovereign—Man is free. Can you reconcile this? You cannot, but you know it is so. It is not only our faith, it is also our experience. Only the free are the responsible. Dreiser, in his *American Tragedy,* uses all his ingenuity to show that we are not free, and therefore not responsible. But common sense denies that. Each of us, however determined as to sex or race or birthplace or background, has a tingling sense of responsibility; that is to say, of freedom. The only world in which there can be any morality is a world where men are free to choose. Biography is the story of what men do with their freedom. History is the story of what nations do with their freedom. Heisenberg has recently told us that electrons are free. Russell of Princeton and Compton of Chicago, each has written a book versus determinism and championing the freedom of the will. "Our freedom," says Astronomer Russell, "is as sure as sunrise, as solid as rock, as immovable as the everlasting hills." Old Samuel Johnson used to say of the freedom of the will: "All theory is against it, but all experience is for it!"

Man has freedom to choose between alternatives. Morally we are what we choose. "Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny."

To say then, "Why doesn't God assert his sovereignty and bring to an end all this struggle and agony?" is to forget that he has adventured in creating not *robots* but creatures in his own image, free as he is free—and they must as free men choose—remembering that the moral universe is not whimsical but orderly, not capricious but constant, "that whatsoever a man soweth that he shall reap," that whatsoever a nation soweth it shall reap, and that God is not mocked, nor the moral universe mocked. Retribution is a law as constant as gravitation. The cross is our sign forever of the clash and contradiction between God's will for our good and our willful rejection of his love.

III

The third basic conviction I want to establish is that Jesus Christ is not a Galilean visionary, an amiable impractical idealist, but the sternest realist the world has ever known. And that his voice is the voice of the Eternal. He has been despised and rejected not only by his enemies but by his followers. They seem to look upon him with admiration and love, but—shall I say—as outmoded in his advice. "Put up your sword," he said to Peter. "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." If Christians had believed that, they wouldn't have had to wait for Gandhi to learn the power of non-violence.

> After 1900 years of Mass
> We've got as far as poison gas.

The heart of all the struggle between Christians in different nations lies in covetousness, acquisitiveness, greed.

> Here on earth one thing is constant, one
> Unchangeable all lands and ages through—
> Will it outlast the earth, outlast the sun?
> The plunder of the many by the few?

"Beware of covetousness!" says Jesus. "Love your neighbor as yourself!" "Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that despitefully use you. As ye would men should do to you, do to them likewise."

Foolish, isn't it? Childish, isn't it? Impractical, isn't it? Well then—reverse it and get the world today, get the practical! Get the non-idealistic, non-religious practical! "Hate your enemies! Bomb those that curse you, and shell the life out of those that despitefully use you. And do others thoroughly before they do you!" Beautifully practical, isn't it? So realistic! So sensible! So silly and senseless and satanic!

IV

The fourth point is this—a devotion to the church of Jesus Christ as the one living, working demonstration of a world alliance, of a super-national interracial fellowship in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, the Body of a Christ who is the lover and redeemer of all men, the *Civitas Dei,* the commonwealth of God which transcends all frontiers national, political, racial, isothermal, and claims a world for its Divine Master. Chinese Christians and Japanese Christians, German Christians and Polish Christians, are after all mystically but really united in the Christian church. They are one today even while their nations are at war.

The church is the one great international which is founded on a world revolution, the same kind that in the time of the apostles turned the world upside down. The world was standing on its head then, and the church turned it upside down, and put it on its feet. The world is upside down now, standing on its head. The church is at work in every land to bring it to its feet in unity. "Can we create a true unity in Europe?" asks Anthony Eden in a great speech recently delivered. "Can we set before it a common aim of service? Can we inspire it with common ideals of freedom, toleration, mercy? That is what must be!" Yes, and that is the program of Christ's Holy Church. In his name to inspire with common ideals of freedom, toleration, mercy; to set before us a common aim of service! In a word, to bring in what Jesus was ever teaching and preaching—the Kingdom, the rule, the reign of God.

"Then fearing lest we drift on rocks," says my text, "they cast four anchors out and waited for the dawn." There are my four anchors. Faith in God; Acceptance of human responsibility to do the will of God; Jesus Christ as the Realistic Führer of a redeemed world; and the Church as the very ideal and example of a world united by the Grace of God.

And so, not drifting, we look through the clouds and darkness for the coming of the dawn.

We may believe that God created the world, and that the basic nature of every thing is therefore good, in spite of its perversions; but we actually find him in the midst of the struggle with evil, or we do not find him at all.

Walter M. Horton.

Toward a Worthy Thanksgiving

By Norman E. Nygaard

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing. Psalm 107:22.

IF I had required any proof to substantiate the belief which I have held ever since my student days that Reinhold Niebuhr is one of our major prophets, I think I could say that it came the other night. And the manner of its coming was altogether startling. If I were living in another generation I would insist that it was not only startling but actually miraculous.

I was seated in my favorite arm chair with what is probably his earliest book when I came to these words, written in 1927: "I wonder if it is really possible to have an honest Thanksgiving celebration in an industrial civilization. Harvest festivals were natural enough in peasant communities. The agrarian feels himself dependent upon natural caprices. When the autumnal harvest is finally safe in the barns there arise, with a sigh of relief, natural emotions of gratitude that must express themselves religiously, since the bounty is actually created by the mysterious forces of nature which man may guide but never quite control. . . . A national Thanksgiving, particularly if it is meant to express gratitude for material bounty, becomes increasingly a pharisaic rite.

"The union Thanksgiving service we attended this morning was full of self-righteous bunk which made it quite impossible for me to worship. There was indeed a faint odor of contrition in one of the prayers and in an aside of the sermon, but it did not spring from the heart. The Lord who was worshiped was not the Lord of Hosts, but the spirit of Uncle Sam, given a cosmic eminence for the moment which the dear old gentleman does not deserve."

CHANGING THE DATE

Niebuhr had just completed for me his quite radical denunciation when the voice of one of the news commentators broke in upon my thoughts. It was in August, but Thanksgiving was in the news. The President of the United States, at the instance apparently of the large department stores who wanted to get Thanksgiving out of the way in order to prepare for that semi-heathen festival which Christmas has become, had changed the date for Thanksgiving. This year it was to be held on the next-to-the-last instead of the last Thursday of the month which has become traditional.

The President had likewise indicated that he intended to set the Thanksgiving date for next year on the third Thursday. And the fight was on. First of all, the calendar publishers swung into action. I could understand their point of view, of course. While they are not disturbed about this year's calendar which is almost used up anyway, they were concerned about 1940's calendar, which was even then on the presses, or which had been printed and stored ready for delivery. Some millions of dollars worth of work would have to be done over and perhaps some concerns would go under. After all, one doesn't like the calendar to be tampered with if one makes one's living by dealing in months, days and years.

But the other forces which rallied to the defense of the traditional Thanksgiving date were exceedingly interesting, and they gave many of us an insight into the exact status of the day which started out in a little Christian community on a "stern and rock-bound coast" as a day for worship and praise of the Almighty, a day when they would express their thankfulness to the Eternal father for the providence which had given them abundant crops. Families had gathered quietly in their own homes and, because turkey was the cheapest meat which could be obtained, costing no more than the shot and powder required to bring it off the wing, turkeys were eaten at the family table. As a matter of fact, turkeys, prairie chickens, venison and bear were eaten all year long whenever they could be hunted.

NO LONGER A HOLY DAY

The next pressure groups to swing into action were the football enthusiasts. If you imagine that they are few in number just start something to set them off.

College and university presidents, as well as coaches, started a deluge of telegrams off to the White House. The tenor of their hue and cry was the same as that of a well known fight promoter—"We been robbed."

To them had to be added all the concessionaires; the night club people who saw such a confusion resulting that their revenues for this year, at least, would be cut down; and the turkey raisers.

Out of all this controversy, of course, comes this important fact. Thanksgiving is no longer a holy day in any sense of the term. We have our union Thanksgiving service attended by a handful of people and we preach our Thanksgiving sermons. But the character of the day as a time of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings which he has showered down upon his people has been lost.

The same observation would apply, of course, to Christmas, to Easter, to Mothers' Day, and to such national holidays as the birthdays of the two presidents and Independence Day. For our Christian and for our patriotic heritage it might be well for us to see if by some means we may not recapture that which we have lost and give character and meaning to these great days in the Christian and national calendar.

How can that be done? It may sound silly and trivial, I know, but I believe that the time has come for the Christian church to declare to the world that these days are a Christian heritage. Instead of heavy dinners on Thanksgiving the church might well say: "On this day my sons and daughters will not gorge themselves, but today we will pray unto and praise the Lord. Out of gratitude to the Almighty we will set aside of those things which he has so richly given to us some part to be used for the work of his Kingdom." And perhaps such a separated portion might be used for church relief in China.

This great cause has received scant attention from

Christians today whereas, following the Great War, the Near East Relief rightly obtained millions of dollars for starving Armenians and Syrians. Twelve dollars a year would save the life of one Chinese. The church members of America could underwrite church relief in China for one million Chinese for five years on what is spent for large indigestible dinners and for football games or movies on that day. What a marvelous thing it would be if on that one day, among all Christians, the real spirit of thankfulness should be evident!

Or perhaps there are other causes equally worthy, equally deserving. I could think of a number of them

NORMAN E. NYGAARD

that I should like to see adopted universally for some particular holy day. One of them, of course, would be a peace crusade. On the fourth of July, for instance, instead of the Christian people of America spending millions of dollars for soda pop, firecrackers, and other menaces to digestion and life and limb, how marvelous it would be if each family would say, "In gratitude for continued peace in this land of ours, in thankfulness that God has continued to bless us with genuine independence of thought and action, today we will set aside that which is necessary to establish peace crusades of Christian young people and Christian leaders who will go to all the countries now on the verge of war asking that those nations listen to reason and hear the call of peace!"

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

Only in such ways as I have suggested are we ever going to sense the real spirit of Thanksgiving, the real background of Independence Day, or any of those other days of our calendar which have peculiar significance. If it is worth while to keep alive the spirit for which they stand we will certainly wish to do some of these things which represent a twentieth century equivalent of the events themselves. While I enjoy a football game with all my heart I cannot believe that it can be a part of a thanksgiving day celebration if one really desires to show a spirit of thankfulness to the Almighty. And while I shot off my full quota of firecrackers in my boyhood I realize that firecrackers have very little to do with independence.

Then there is a second thing which the Christian church might well do to make our autumn holiday significant. A fitting commemoration might come about by retelling the story of Thanksgiving. Perhaps some great dramatist might catch the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers and put it into words which shall burn themselves into our memory, as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" are prisoned there, or as Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is indelibly printed on the heart of every true American.

WHY THE JEW HAS PERSISTED

All the world has marveled at the persistence of the Jew through the centuries. Lock the Jews up in the ghettos, scatter them abroad, hound them, persecute them, hate them all you will, they remain Jews. Destroy Nineveh and its culture goes with it. Burn Rome to the ground and you forever destroy the spirit of proud Romans; and Roman culture and Roman customs go. But even the destruction of the holy city of Jerusalem does not affect the Jew. He goes on with his Bible and with his monotheistic faith, secure in them, taking them wherever he goes.

And what is the reason for it? I think that we should not discount character, of course, and a tremendous tenacity of purpose, and all the qualities of heart and mind which the Jew possesses. But primarily the thing which has made the Jew what he is, the thing that has kept him a Jew, is that he continues to train his children in the manner of the ancients in the historic heritage that is his.

When the Passover comes around he has a simple service in his home. The Passover has not degenerated into—or, should we say, has not been "promoted into"—a royal gorge. Lamb and mazzoth and the ceremonial wine are still the main elements of that meal. It is still eaten standing with every member of the household fully clad as if ready for a journey. There have been no refinements of that service, no changes in it, since it originated in Egypt.

Concerning the law, the writer of Deuteronomy enjoins concerning all of the precepts, "And ye shall teach them unto your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." When the Day of Atonement comes the good Jew celebrates it in the traditional and orthodox manner. Even the Feast of the Branches—or booths—the equivalent of our modern Thanksgiving, is celebrated in its historic way.

"But," our critics would say, "that is mere traditionalism. Times change. Customs change. We cele-

brate Thanksgiving differently, it is true, but the difference lies in the manner, not the purpose." That, however, is the crux of the whole matter. If the purpose of thanksgiving were retained, it would make little difference that the manner of celebration should have changed. But the purpose is gone. And Christian folk have let it go as surely as have the people of the world. Can a football game express the spirit of thankfulness to the Almighty? Does a huge feast express that spirit? Have we not incorporated into the day the very elements which are antitheses of the spirit of thankfulness?

We have just had a photograph taken of Thanksgiving. We have just discovered that it is a day of rich commercial possibilities. While, in the traditional manner, we use high-sounding Christian phrases to call all people to a spirit of thankfulness, their real purpose is to call them to another heathen holiday. In the name of that loving Father who led the Pilgrims to Plymouth, the Swedes to Delaware, the Catholics to Maryland, and the Quakers to Pennsylvania that they might worship God, each in their own way, let us celebrate a Thanksgiving to him. Instead of indigestible dinners and hilarious football games, should we not heed the words of the psalmist and "sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, declaring his works with rejoicing"?

War to End War

In the World War a chaplain, in whose arms a young soldier lay dying, told the young man that his wife was soon to bear a child. "If it's a boy," he whispered, "I'm glad he won't have to go through this. This is a war to end war, isn't it?"

The chaplain, believing it too, comforted the youth. "Yes, yes, a war to end war," he echoed, and the youth closed his eyes content.

Today, that child born semi-orphaned, now a boy of twenty-one, is in a soldier's uniform fighting somewhere in Europe.

And what of that dream to end war; is the dream dead? Can any dream of justice, good will and peace ever die? The answer is "No," for such dreams are of God, and though the dreamer perish the dream lives on until in the course of God's good time it becomes a reality.

If the World War proved anything conclusively, it proved that war to end war is a snare and a delusion. War sows a crop of dragon's teeth, which result in other wars. Can we ever forget the pathetic and despairing words of Woodrow Wilson, who, on the eve of taking America into war, is reported to have said to the editor of the *New York World:* "Cobb, if there is any other way, for God's sake tell me, for if we go in we shall not be able to tell the truth."

War can end a dynasty and dethrone a dictator, but even as Satan cannot cast out Satan, war to end war cannot succeed. It is the bitter roots of war, greed, injustice, racial hostility, economic insecurity, which plague society. And repentance has to begin at the house of God.

Edgar DeWitt Jones.

Today's Mandate for Missions

By Mark A. Dawber

WHAT is today's mandate for missions? This question is very frequently on the lips of people who, while interested in the work of the church, are not quite so certain as to the validity of some of the causes and their organizations. This calls for a frank facing of the question and perhaps a restatement regarding the enterprise. There is always the lurking danger that we assume too much in regard to the interest of the church membership based upon a reasonable understanding of the cause and a commitment thereto.

In all too many instances we have confused and confounded the causes of missions with money. Money is needed, it is more necessary today than ever, but we will never get the money needed just by an appeal for money. The deep basic needs of people are the things that must be restated, and perhaps dramatized, in order that the cause of missions both at home and abroad may be understood and the hearts of people may be so touched that they will share in the work; and the fundamental need is, of course, the gospel.

Material and Spiritual Values

"While the earth remaineth" and as long as humanity exists, life will demand certain fundamentals. Light and air, food, clothing and shelter are essential to human life. No civilization that ignores them or denies them can endure. Home missions is deeply rooted in these needs. Poverty, ignorance and disease are characteristic of people in home mission fields; these conditions create another need that must be faced and which too often the people themselves cannot meet—that is, to provide themselves with the ministry of the gospel. Human nature will eternally crave spiritual values, and while material possessions and material forces cannot satisfy this quest the fact remains that the absence of these material necessities does create an obstacle to the fullest achievement of spiritual values. It is for this reason that the church must come to the rescue and, through its missionary agencies, make possible to such people at least the minimum of spiritual service. The crucial problem of social engineering which confronts us today is how to attain for all people this complete, more abundant life in which recognition of the sacredness of a person will be accepted as a Christian obligation.

But someone will remark, Does not the rich man who is possessed of all these material things need the gospel? My answer is, Yes, he probably needs it more than the poor man; for I am convinced that poor people are more inherently religious, or shall I say, that they are more responsive to religious ideals. Someone has said that the business of the church is "to sophisticate the evangelized and to evangelize the sophisticated." There may be some question as to the former but there can be little in regard to the latter. People

of wealth become sophisticated, but the problem of evangelizing them is not due to the absence of the church or its ministry, such as is the case in the economically depressed areas of life. Wealthy people and people of the middle class who have sufficient to meet the needs of a reasonable standard of living, also crave spiritual values, but they are well able to provide for them; and so far as my observation goes, there are few communities where people of this class are living which are not amply provided for in terms of attractive church buildings and, as a rule, a ministry with some education and spiritual culture.

MARK A. DAWBER

In the use of the word "missions" I am for the moment thinking of the total task of the missionary enterprise at home and abroad. In its basic meaning there is no difference, and I for one think it will be a great day for the church when we cease to make any distinctions. The problem of certain needs may be more intense in some parts of the world than in others, but that is only a matter of degree and not of difference. What I am saying is in no way intended to detract from the significance of foreign missions; on the contrary, its purpose is to get for the missionary task abroad an even greater consideration and response. But I am convinced that the total missionary task of the church must now be laid upon the hearts and minds of people, and this will never be done by putting it into compartments and pleading for these interests as though they were separate and apart—yes, even in conflict. If missions has lost its appeal, it is because we who are supposed to be its friends and custodians have confused the issue, or at least, to put it mildly, have not presented its claims in terms of the simplicity, sincerity and unity that is demanded.

Do we need a new appeal for missions? In recent years we have been frequently informed that the old pleas and arguments that we have used to provoke a sense of need and the urgency of missions are no longer valid; that times have changed; that people have changed with the times; and that it is now necessary to discover new pleas and appeals in order to move people to help with the unfinished task of evangelizing the world.

HAS MISSIONS LOST ITS APPEAL?

Now I think the question is a valid one and on general grounds we must admit that vast changes have taken place which call for certain reconsiderations of the task both at home and abroad. We must admit also that there is a sense in which people have changed. There are perhaps none of us who would claim that we are exactly the same persons we were twenty years ago, and, within the framework of such changes, of course a new appeal must be made. But speaking of the fundamental and basic needs of people from the point of view of the missionary enterprise, they remain unchanged. If this is not so, then either in the past we have supported missions on a false premise or else something has happened to Christianity, and if we need a new basis for the appeal of missions we need a new basis of appeal for Christianity. If we need a new apologetic for Tokyo, we need a new apologetic for Toledo. If we need a new approach to the underprivileged, we also need a new approach to the privileged. If we must present new reasons to those outside the church, then we are in need of new reasons for those who are in the church. Or is it just that we have all grown tired and weary in the fight and are seeking an excuse?

Having said this, however, I quickly proceed to admit, even insist, that new methods are doubtless necessary in the promotion and administration of missions, that a new and quickened sense of the urgency of missions is needed. I realize that some of the old terminology of missions is past and that the ways in which we have stated the case have lost their force. But this is a matter of method rather than of motive.

WHO ARE THE HEATHEN?

We are being called upon to revise our appraisal of people and to change our moral conception of God in regard to them. The people who are without Christ and the gospel both at home and abroad are not to blame.

If the so-called heathen go on praying in their darkness to the old God they know, or at home go groping through the poverty and mire of life without knowing any God; if these people at home and abroad miss the grand assurances and the sublime reinforcements and the purifying grace of God; if they continue living in a dim moral twilight and never see the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness, it is not they who will be answerable for the consequences, but we. If these millions of people are "lost," their blood is on Christian heads; if they go on living and dying in the darkness of moral ignorance, poverty and squalor, and

spiritual depravity, we shall end with them, only ours will be a more desperate end.

CHRIST, THE MISSIONARY MANDATE

No, the basis and groundwork for missions, both home and foreign, is today what it always has been: The Great Commission as we have come to call it—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." This is still the Great Commission. This command is implicit in the texture of the gospels. The missionary call and the missionary motive are an imperative in the life of any true Christian and any Christian church. Any church whose life is not motivated by this imperative is no longer Christian. It may be religious; there are other religions than Christianity. The Christian religion rests upon the revelation of God as the universal Father of mankind and is, by that fact alone, inevitably and unchangeably a missionary religion. So long as there is a single lost child in the world, looking however blunderingly for God, so long is the Christian church under obligation to go out in search for that child and to take him by the hand and lead him home. A religion that has not the power to prick a man and make him uncomfortable and dissatisfied with conditions that leave millions of his fellow men in the darkness and without God, is a dead religion. It is worse—it has ceased to be a religion; it has become a habit, and a dangerous habit at that.

There is also resting upon us the obligation of Christian unity, a great imperative of the missionary enterprise. With every passing day, it is being more clearly and forcibly impressed upon us that our divisions are a definite hindrance to the success of the cause of missions. Our chariot wheels are dragging. They do not move forward with the rapidity now necessary to deal adequately with the task. We are lacking the power which alone can come from the impact of a greater unity. The obligation of the Church of Christ to engage in the great work of human unity and human brotherhood can no longer be ignored or even postponed. This also, I insist, has far-reaching missionary implications, from which the church cannot escape except by ceasing to be itself. Until all men are one in Christ, the church cannot cease to tell the good news. But in order to do this, it becomes necessary for the churches to become one in Christ. Our Christianity needs very careful scrutiny at this point. Let the churches unite in a common endeavor to evangelize the world at home and abroad.

NOT AN ARGUMENT BUT A PASSION

The imperative for missions is not an argument but a passion. If the unity for which I have been pleading is to be achieved, then it will require that we shall argue less and love more. It was not an argument that produced Albert Schweitzer, Kagawa, E. Stanley Jones, Margaret Slattery, Jane Addams, or the scores of missionaries at home and abroad, and sent them to their seemingly thankless tasks. It was rather the sense of need and the constraining passion of love that did it. Nothing less than a conviction about Christ, born of a knowledge and experience and an inward compulsion, will suffice to move people to share their lives in the missionary cause. The work of missions must have behind it not only information about the need, not only intellectual assent; there must be the irresistible coercion of a gratitude that knows no peace until, to the limit of its powers, it is sharing its blessings with others to whom they are still denied.

It would seem necessary therefore to re-examine ourselves to discover what has happened to us, that we have become so laggard in this missionary task that in order to maintain it we have to be cajoled into using "mite boxes," "cent a meal boxes" and what not. Where is the magnanimity, where the enlarged heart, which should be the evidence of Christianity? Well, the answer is not far away. Even the gifts of God lose their luster when they are not exercised. His grace grows dull within us if it is not shared. The vision to which we are obedient passes. The penalty of disobedience to the heavenly vision is terrific in its consequences. We need to look at the Cross again and again—look at it until we recapture something of that first rapture that took possession of us when we caught a glimpse of Christ and his meaning for life for us. The terrible trouble is that we have become used to it; the Christian life has become humdrum, and human life itself has become commonplace. I hope I shall never again look into a human face and think of any life as commonplace.

WE FOUGHT AND YOU WERE NOT THERE

In concluding this exposé of my mind and heart on this missionary task there comes to hand a story which suggests a final question. It is the old story of Henry IV, who had fought and won the battle of Arcques, and Crillon, one of the captains of one of the regiments, had not arrived in time. Next day Crillon appeared and Henry IV met him and said: "Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arcques and you were not there." God forbid that the day should come when the Captain of our salvation should meet us and say, "We fought and won and you were not there." To me it is a devastating thought that God may have to do this thing without us. That "He must reign" is certain; that is determined in the purpose of God. What is not certain is when the victory will be won and whether we shall have a part in it. That question hangs upon our fidelity, our consecration, our sacrifice.

In a world packed with human problems that can be solved on the basis of ethical intelligence, moral passion and spiritual power, the mandate for missions must be crystal clear; it is the old, old task of transforming sinners into saints of one kind or another. To do this it will be necessary to demonstrate the power of the gospel in what it has done with ourselves. If we cannot testify to something unique and precious it has done for us, that it has made a difference in our lives so profound, so convincing, and so gracious that we are continually thankful and seeking ways and means in which to express our gratitude, then there is

little it can do through us for missions. The criterion for missions after all will be found in this dynamic experience of Jesus Christ in our own individual and corporate lives.

Edna St. Vincent Millay gave expression to this thought in those immortal lines:

> The world stands out on either side
> No wider than the heart is wide;
> Above the world is stretched the sky,—
> No higher than the heart is high.
> The heart can push the sea and land
> Farther away on either hand;
> The soul can split the sky in two,
> And let the face of God shine through.
> But east and west will pinch the heart
> That cannot keep them pushed apart.
> And he whose soul is flat—the sky
> Will cave in on him by and by.

The Churches and the War

By George A. Buttrick

WAR has come, and the end is "not yet." We in America cannot live apart. If we could and did we would despise ourselves. In prayer and compassion we intercede for the stricken family of mankind that the light of God may soon break upon us again and the pity of God heal us. But, despite all deep distress, we are not in despair. For the truth and love of God are not in eclipse except as we have turned away from him to live in our own shadow. Christ has not failed: we have failed him. The world is chaotic and disconsolate just because we have failed him. Power politics and the quest for secular security are poor substitutes for his wisdom. But as soon as we turn again he is there in all light and grace.

The duty of our Protestant churches in this tragic time is not far to seek. We now try to trace it in plain terms.

First, we shall do well to *keep unbroken our world-wide Christian fellowship.* War's hatreds must not sever the bonds by which Christians everywhere are bound to one another and to God. It is a cheering fact that in these recent years, when nations have been hostile and sundered, the Christian churches have held world conferences (which nations have not held) and that there Christians from all lands have met in instant mutual trust. We must keep these bonds: they are the true girding of mankind. If Christ is Truth, as we firmly believe, he cannot be merely parochial or national Truth: he is Truth for the world, and all men are truly one in him.

Second, American Protestantism must *lead the nation to repent, forbear, forgive, and in every word and work of reconciliation.* The command of Christ still holds that we should "love one another." This does not mean ever that we should condone evil, but rather that we should renounce evil. It means that we should resist propaganda and refuse all hatred—a requirement resting especially on ministers, since their utterance is credited to the whole church, and may, if it is violent or unseemly, bring the cause of Christ into disrepute. It means—this command that we "love one another"—that we acknowledge our sins, for politics of power and possession are not one nation's monopoly but the whole world's virus of guilty disease. It means that we strive to understand the history and divergent viewpoint and peculiar difficulties of every land. It means that we try to find and face the causes of war which lie deeper far than the immediate occasions of war. It means that we should be charitable in judgment, cleaving meanwhile to the right, and that we should be resolute in good will.

George A. Buttrick

Third, American Protestantism must *enter into the fellowship of suffering with the millions on both sides of every battleline.* We should abhor profiteering, especially profiteering in arms and blood, and hold any government renegade that does not try effectively to curb it. Instead we should seek to lighten the world's tragic burden. I find myself wishing that our churches might find some clear-cut means to minister to prisoners of war, to discourage reprisals, to comfort refugees everywhere, and by reconstruction units to rebuild shattered homes and cities. Ships at sea listen every half-hour for any S.O.S. and are required to respond, whatever the nationality of the ship in peril, whatever the

Dr. Buttrick, as president of the Federal Council of Churches, broadcast this message—"A Statement Concerning American Protestantism and the European War"—on Sept. 8, through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company.

nationality of the ship which hears the call. If our churches could thus respond through practical service and the spirit of good will we could look back on this conflict unashamed. That would be an "entanglement" consonant with our best destiny and for which all mankind would bless us.

Fourth, our American Protestantism will do well to *strengthen our government's purpose to keep us out of war.* But our motives must be clear. It is very easy to be neutral from base motives. We must be neutral from high and costly motives: not for physical safety, not in the attempt to maintain an impossible isolation from world problems, assuredly not for commercial gain, but rather because we know war is futile and because we are eager through reconciliation to build a kindlier world. Let us remind ourselves constantly that war has been proved futile. Twenty-five years ago we tried by means of war to "make the world safe for democracy." Now the world tries once more to cure hate by means of hate, to mend killing by multiplied killing. Twenty-five years hence our children may be fighting against other coercions, bred of the hatreds and poverties of war, different only in name from present coercions, unless a worthier spirit and a nobler planning enter world affairs. Let us remain neutral, not selfishly, but as a people dedicated to that "magnificent obsession" of a kindlier world. Humbly penitent for our share in the world's guilt and suffering, staunchly maintaining those civil liberties vouchsafed to all under our Constitution, unperjured by propaganda or profiteering, let us keep peace in this land where men of all lands live in comradeship so that we may bring peace to all mankind.

Fifth, *we can pray.* True prayer is not a last resort. It is not an escape. It is not a plea for security. It is a beseeching that God's compassionate will may be done among men. It is a spiritual force stronger than all armies. It is a healing serum injected into the one body of mankind of which all nations are members and of which Christ is the Head. Quietly it overcomes areas of dark infection and disease. It is the antidote of hate and the overcoming of violence. Our worship during these critical times should acknowledge the kinship of all nations; our churches should be filled with the spirit of earnest and unremitting intercession. This is the nobler energy for lack of which the world is arid and torn. Let us pray and pray again in home, in business, in church; and let us then strive to live more nearly as we pray. Thus, "may the God of peace lead us into all peace."

THE strength of a nation is shown in the courage to admit her own faults. The glory of a nation is to have a creative message for the world. For this we need not only inspired statesmanship, but daily inspiration in every business, every workshop, every home. We must teach ourselves to apply practically to conduct the Christian standards of honesty, purity, and love, and to make fulfillment of the will of God the touchstone of public and private life. In this task all are privileged to give the service of their lives.

LONDON TIMES.

Our Troubles and Other People's

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape. I Corinthians 10:13.

NOTHING is easier than to compare our troubles with those of other folk and to think that ours are the greater. There are indeed times when the shadow of some sorrow falls upon us and falls upon us alone; at such a time it is not only natural but also a matter between us and God, that we should cry out, as one in the Old Testament cried out, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Into such an hour as that no other human foot has the right to tread.

But it is not just that kind of hour that I am now speaking of.

I am thinking rather of the common tendency to centralize on our own troubles; the tendency to feel that out of all the world we are the only ones who have to bear our particular sort of burden. I am thinking of the mood that is upon us today of such centralized trouble that few people can reach above it. There is a mood of something worse than mere depression; it is almost a mood of despair. Many of us have watched this mood grow in the last few years; it has grown from either the last war or from the depression of 1929 to cover the whole horizon; it clouds all our thought and darkens all our inner being. It has become a settled habit.

Let us take, then, for our thought today this idea of centralized trouble, this tendency to think that ours is the heaviest burden anyone has to carry, and see what the right and wrong of that feeling is.

I

The first thing to say is this. Are there not a great many people who still think, even in their mature years, that life ought to be made to suit them? Are there not scores of people who have never wakened to the fact that life is a struggle, and that most of its satisfactions are wrapped up in that fact? How has it happened thta many people feel that if any evil happens to them the universe is thereby all wrong? Has anyone ever told us that life is a permanently easy road? Has any religion or any poetry or any philosophy ever told us that throughout our lives calm, uninterrupted and undisturbed peace and success are our normal lot? There are high moods of joy; there are gleams of brilliant happiness, and there are periods of deep calm and contentment. Thank God! No one can doubt that the sunnier side of life is a true side and that it keeps on breaking through the dark in spite of all.

But that life is one long series of unbroken satisfactions we do not find in any teaching that I know of. Such unbroken calm and peace is not found in nature,

nor in the soul of man in any period of history. Within our own thoughts we know that that kind of all-level existence is not, after all, what we want. And our error is that we have left out the one thing that is needful. We have left out the great word, "Courage." "Life," said one of our modern prophets, "is not made up of what it brings to you but of the courage with which you meet it."

Perhaps if you went around among people as much as the average minister does, you would see that no sooner have you discovered a secret and almost unbearable burden in some life, in some family, or in some friend than in a few hours you find either the same

George Lawrence Parker

thing or a worse burden in another house or in another friend. And if you will then go back to your own burden you may find by comparison that it is not a peculiar one; and that courage on your part, or on the part of all of us, is the one thing needed.

When John Bright, the great British economist and social worker, lost his bride of a few months he wept on the shoulders of his oldest friend Richard Cobden; he wept there as if the thing that had happened to him was a blow that never fell on any other human soul. But the older man said: "Bright, there are down there in the slums of London thousands of men and women who have gone through what you are going through; if you want to regain your peace go down there and help them." And Bright did so; and out of that guidance given to him by Cobden, Bright made one of the finest lives of English history. "There is no trial or temptation befallen us that is not common to man, but God hath with the trial made also a way of escape that we may be able to bear it." God does not change the laws of the universe to fit us; but he keeps the law of the universe by showing always an open path through the jungle.

In the past few months I have come into contact with people whose burdens seem enough to crush anyone; and I may mention them because these have no connection with us nor with anyone in this church today.

First, a beautiful mother of children aged about eighteen and fifteen. All along she has had to rear those children without the help of their father who left her when they were infants. That seems an unbearable burden; almost the one unspeakable one. Into the abiding pain of that woman's heart no one can enter; but I do know that she has fought a winning fight through that battle. Then a father and mother who have seen two sons go out of their comfortable home to waste their lives that seemed so full of promise. That seems an unbearable burden; but how common it is! And we can at least say this about it: as hard as it is there is a pathway through it lighted by the care of God. We can at least say that there is to be found in God a companionship for even that burden. And then comes a business man. Not so long ago all that a business career had to offer seemed open to him; now all is gone. Nervous, frightened, disillusioned, he seems to think that he is the only one thrust into that situation. No one would be cruel enough to give him vain and empty words; many of us might not live up to our own words if we were in his place. But the only hope for that man is to see that he is not the only one treading that path. Out of just that feeble glimmer of light he might be able to gather himself and his courage together and go on again.

"God has made a way of escape" even though it be a hard way. Not on us alone does any trouble fall. "We are not the first who ever burst" into the darkened sea.

II

The second thing to say is that our own very personal temptations are not peculiar to us. The fight against our evil natures, against the mad and destructive desires that rage within us—can we not see that those are not ours alone? Some of us are perhaps born with more tempestuous natures than others; self-control is harder for many of us to learn than in the case of others. True enough. But this sort of battle is not confined to any one person. It is a battle as wide as humanity; and if you pity yourself, just remember that you are on the firing-line with every soul that was ever born.

And the same thing may be said about religious doubt. Perhaps you imagine that the doubts and fears that trouble you are peculiar to you. They are not. The feeling that everything is a deception is no great discovery on your part. The feeling that perhaps all the story of religion, all the light of faith is a falsehood, and that even the existence of a God who cares is just a fiction of the minds of other men which you can never accept—that feeling is not something you are the first to have. Men have had it through all the ages. Some of the greatest saints have been the ones most plagued

by it; it often happens that the nearer they get to God, the more frequent that dark shadow comes over them. It is out of darkness and at least momentary doubt that great hymns like "Nearer my God to Thee" and "O Love that wilt not let me go" are written. Without a supreme and overbearing sense of burden and need no such triumphant hymns of abiding faith could be penned.

Haven't we today come to a place where we refuse to admit the realities and the struggle of life? Aren't we thinking that, once such triumphant words were written in the past, all we now have to do is to make them our own, borrow them for our own easement and live on a kind of abundant faith whose blood and sweat was shed by someone else? Leaving aside the stupendous troubles of our own times have we not the wrong kind of idea that in the past other souls won for us a kind of Utopia or Golden Age, and that for us there ought to be no further battle? Haven't we the wrong idea that we can inherit this Utopia and live in its borrowed sunshine? And that therefore if we cannot do that our lot is the most terrible that ever fell upon mankind?

The truth is that there is a flaw in our title to all this kind of Utopia. The victories and dreams of other men of the past will help us, but the reality of that dream will be ours only by the winning of our own victory through a struggle as real as theirs. Without being too severely critical of our own times, this is the criticism we may make of it: we are trying to live on borrowed spiritual capital instead of on our own spiritual earnings. The note of original living is lost among us; too rare is the high courage that is willing to have its own experiences and its own defeats and victories. That is one reason why much spiritual talk today sounds unreal to us; it is because we are unwilling ourselves to go through the experiences out of which alone truth can come.

It is by going through common human experiences for our own selves that we come to see what faith can really do. It is by knowing that we are not exceptions, that our temptations and trials are not ours alone, but that we must go through them as if they were our own, that is, with the knowledge that we personally are partakers of the lot of all other men—only by this sense of original experience can we have any vital faith in God. We need much more first-hand living than we now have; we need the sense that however much we build on, depend on and receive from tradition, nevertheless our real faith and our real experience that makes up our real personality must be our own, and not a something that is inherited or borrowed.

III

Third, and last, we undoubtedly need this sense of reality in thinking of the hard day in which we are living. We say it is the hardest time of all history. I grant it is hard enough; I grant that the clouds are dark perhaps darker than we ever dreamed they could be. But is that quite so? Was there ever a darker period or a more cruel one than those years when our own nation was divided? And if we have had in twenty-five years two turns of the wheel of world war, have we forgotten the Napoleonic wars and the Thirty Years war? No one can excuse the crime and folly of our present wars; I believe them to be inexcusable and terrible beyond imagination; and in that thought I believe you agree with me. Nevertheless, we need not cringe with cowardice and say that we are the only ones on whom the ends of the earth have come. The ends of the earth have come upon every age that ever lived since earth was earth and man was man. "There has no trial taken us but such as is common to man." History has today no new story to tell; and the only thing that will ever make it have a new story to tell is to get into humanity the originality of the life of the soul, the sense of reality that abides in man's longing for peace; when peace becomes for us a thing ever new and sensational and real; then, and I believe only then, will we have a reality greater than this accursed and repeated fear of war.

If you think we are the first to feel as we do about the end of civilization, if you think our experience is absolutely unique in the historical sense, and that something uncommon to man has happened to us, let me read you what some men said in the past; a past far away, and also a past not so very far away—I beg you to notice the dates of these quotations:

"There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."—William Pitt, England's Prime Minister. (1800)

"I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled."—William Wilberforce, slave emancipator and member of English Parliament. (1790)

"I thank God that I am spared the consummation of the ruin that is gathering around us."—The Duke of Wellington on his death bed. (1851)

"In industry, commerce and agriculture, there is no hope."—Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister. (1849)

"Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."—Lord Shaftesbury. (1848)

"The disorder of Europe is due to defection at home, a wanton peace, irreligion and atheism, great ingratitude and self-interest, every moment unsettling the old foundations and never constant to any one thing. Germany is drawing towards Vienna, and France is swallowing up almost all Flanders."—John Evelyn's Diary. (1665)

"Alas, times are not what they used to be. Children no longer obey their parents, and everyone wants to write a book about it."—A tablet dug up in Egypt about thirty years ago but written about 2000 B. C.

And the last one is this: "We have now reached the consummation of democratic blessedness. We have a country governed by blockheads and knaves; the ties of marriage with all its felicities are severed and destroyed; our wives and daughters are thrown into the stews; our children are cast from the breast and forgotten; filial piety is extinguished; and surnames, the only mark of distinction among families, are abolished. Can the imagination paint anything more dreadful on this side of hell!" This was the way Theodore Dwight felt on the morning after the election of Thomas Jef-

ferson to the presidency; and Dwight was congressman from Northampton, Massachusetts, a brother of Timothy Dwight of Yale College.

Surely we may rub our eyes and our ears too as we read this list of sayings from the past. The word of Paul is true. In our day "we have suffered no temptation but such as is common to man."

If we would take the right angle on our own personal burdens, we might not indeed cure them all; no one can be cruel enough to belittle our heavy load. But we might come to see that if each one of us must go through unheard-of trouble and sorrow, the world's fellowship of pain is very large; and the sea of sympathy is very wide.

And back of all the roaring waves comes the word of faith—and I don't know anything but faith that can give us this word: "God hath with the trial also made a way of escape." What that way is, is not entirely clear; I would not say it is easy; but it is a real way and a true way; and in my judgment it is the only way.

It is the way of confidence, of reality, of originality; the way of making our own all the experiences that life brings to us, and finding their trail leading to some kind of loving heart of Care and Superintendence that rules behind the universe. For me, I believe that Jesus meant that when he called that power "Our Father in Heaven."

The Task of Religion

By Henry Sloane Coffin

THE moral and social upheaval has come; but how different is the tone and outlook today when more than a third of the century has run its course! None of us believes that the cosmic process is an escalator carrying mankind inevitably upward. We may be headed downward toward an unimaginable catastrophe. Our time is already witnessing brutalities we had not thought possible. An age even more barbarous may be in prospect.

Men as individuals and men in groups—for nations, races, classes, even churches often seem far worse than the individuals who compose them—must be made over. Nor will time, even centuries or aeons of it, do this. It is the task of religion to change and to renew characters—the minds and characters of men and of societies. The propaganda of idolatrous religions is doing it through the school system, the radio, the press, the theater, mass demonstrations and every means it can ingeniously employ. Christianity must gird itself, as it did in the early days, and has done again in its most vigorous missionary periods in many lands, to create a true Christendom—a world community ruled by the mind of Christ.

The shattering of the faith in automatic progress, the realization that there is nothing in nature of itself which can save or help mankind and much that may destroy it, the appalling menace of the tribal gods of deified nation and race and class, are turning the thought of man wistfully to the God who is above and other than the cosmic process or man-made divinities. Our contemporaries are open to receive the good news of the God of the Christian heritage who is Redeemer and Lord both of men and of the world. No readings of the ongoings of nature give complete views of his workings. Neither fears nor hopes based on them are relevant to faith in One "who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think."

The truest religion of today is bidding believers tell themselves: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

I never weary of great churches.
It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery.
Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Pastoral Prayer

By H. Norman Sibley

MIGHTY Creator Spirit, now at work in Thy world in which we live, we offer up our joyous thanks for the visions of beauty these autumn days are giving us. Every common bush is aflame with Thy glory. The blending of colors holds our souls entranced. It leaves us with an ache within, for we catch glimpses of a harmony that we cannot wholly express and of an ideal beauty which we cannot achieve. Yet this loveliness *has* spoken to us, we *have* looked beyond the veil into very heaven, and we know we are made in Thine image. We are Thy creatures. Thy trumpets have sounded within our hearts and the doubts and the despairs of this world are put to flight.

O Father of Mercy, Thou wilt understand us. Thou wilt know that though we may look into heaven, our lives must dwell upon this finite plane. Forgive us because so often we deny our heavenly citizenship. We let the darkness of the hour—some sorrow, some failure, the chaos of our times—bring despair and indifference to our souls. We run ahead of Thee and try to carry the weight of the world upon our little backs. We do not look up and see that our weakness is hid in Thy strength. We let our moments of littleness and dullness interpret the universe for us, shutting out Thy wonder, Thy power.

Maker of spirits and Creator of this heavenly beauty, let us never forget that we are weak and finite, that we may not forget Thee. But likewise remind us of our true destiny. Our citizenship is in heaven.

Now in this moment of silence and meditation, speak this to our very souls and supply our every need of Thee. Amen.

Retaining the Early Glow

By William F. Kosman

LIKE the country parson in Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh,* many a present-day preacher laments his lost youth. Unwittingly at conferences, more frankly in casual conversation, we give ourselves away. The passing years leave us with a more or less secret nostalgia for the halcyon days of our early ministry when we were sure of ourselves and all life was aglow with promise. More often than we care to admit, we take a mental excursion back to the glorious country where

> The earth and every common sight
> To me did seem apparalled in celestial light.

It is a paradise not to be regained. For the preacher, as for all thinking persons, the time inevitably comes when life's experiences bring a degree of disillusionment and leave him "sadder and wiser." Observation and reflection are bound to result in a deflation of our own ego and in putting a considerable dent in our "shield of expectation." However long a minister may succeed in remaining youthful in spirit, he cannot long remain naive nor lacking in a certain quality of sophistication. Sooner or later occasions arise when the song of life slips into a minor key and we become aware that

> It is not now as it hath been of yore;
> The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

● *No Optimists After Forty-eight*

For one thing, the growing minister is not likely to remain the unperturbed optimist of his early youth.

"If a man is a pessimist before he is forty-eight," once wrote Mark Twain, "he knows too much and if he is an optimist after he is forty-eight, he knows too little." It is significant that Mark Twain delivered himself of this bit of worldly wisdom in a letter to a clergyman. To be sure, most of us are not likely to be pessimists before we are forty-eight. What we know in these innocent years is not likely to rub much of the bloom from life. After forty-eight, however, the case is different. By that time we are likely to have done some business with life, tasted the fruit, bitter and sweet, of the tree of of knowledge, and the paradise of an easy and complacent optimism lies behind us. "Vanitas vanitatum," says Canon Streeter, "is the cry not of the poor and simple but of those who have thought and read and enjoyed much."

The truth is that in the ministry, as elsewhere, optimists, like radicals, grow tired. After all, to carry the enthusiasms of early youth through middle age and beyond puts a heavy strain upon both imagination and credulity. If it is done it is likely to be at the cost of a certain kind of soberness which is the mark of maturity. Sooner or later even the congenital optimist comes to feel like the Christian Scientist who, when asked why he had become a backslider, replied that he was tired of being "so damned happy all the time." Retaining the early glow is apt to become rather a tiresome business after awhile.

● *A Divinity That Shapes Our Ends Rough*

It is tiresome business largely because it is so difficult to combine with it an open-eyed view of daily reality.

William F. Kosman

If any man must learn to deal first hand with the realities of life, it is the minister of the gospel. Yet it is in dealing with these very realities that the glow of youthful enthusiasm so frequently pales.

As preachers we are bound to proclaim the love of God with a confidence that is evident and sincere. But when we see what life's tragedies do to people, we wonder whether we must not place the comma in Shakespeare's line where Percy Ward places it and accept as more true to life the consequent reading: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will."

Taking our cue from Jesus, we declare that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand but when we see the world in the grip of cruelty and hate and behold the feverish preparations great nations are making for diabolic war which can end only in the destruction of civilization, the despairing cry of Joan of Arc echoes in our hearts: "O Lord that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long!"

We strive to bring men into the church so that they may know God as he is and love him as they ought. But when of a Sunday morning we look out over the congregation of the faithful and familiar few, we can understand something of what must have been in the heart of Jesus when he asked the little group of disciples, "Will ye also go away?"

Knowing that it is good for Christians to give expression to their faith, we challenge men and women to useful service. But when all "begin with one accord to make excuse"; when one says that he has married a wife, another that he is on his way to try out a yoke of oxen, and another that he has bought a field, and all say that therefore they cannot come—we begin to doubt whether the psalmist was such a fool after all when he said in his heart that all men are liars.

● *When Environment Goes Into a Tailspin*

Nor can we escape perplexity about ourselves and our work and convictions. We endeavor to set our house in order but are halted by our own uncertainty. We catalogue our theological opinions, map out programs of church work for the years ahead and achieve a degree of clarity in our views of life and the universe—when presto! our intellectual environment goes into a tailspin and everything is in a jumble. New knowledge, other techniques, differing concepts in theology and philosophy are given wide acceptance and play havoc with our settled conclusions. As a consequence, we find ourselves floundering in a sea of uncertainty and indecision and we have difficulty in making up our minds about anything. We are at a loss to know what to believe and what to do. The certainty we sought and which we believed would bring us a sense of peace, now seems merely a "consummation devoutly to be wished" and never to be achieved. We are lucky if we escape drifting into a mood similar to that in which John Ruskin once wrote: "I haven't made up my mind what to fight for—whether for instance, people ought to live in Swiss cottages and sit on three-legged or one-legged stools; whether people

ought to dress well or ill; whether ladies ought to tie their hair in beautiful knots; whether commerce or business of any kind is an invention of the devil or not; whether art is a crime or only an absurdity; whether clergymen ought to be multiplied or exterminated by arsenic like rats; whether in general we are getting on and if so where we are going; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things."

Here we hit rock bottom and desperate measures are necessary. We may not be able to avoid being reduced now and then to a state of hesitancy and doubt nor to escape the consequent feeling of futility but we should have no illusions at this point. When we reach this point we are in danger of being liquidated as preachers of the gospel. The margin of security we occupy while in such a mood is too small for safety. Fresh tides of faith and hope must come flooding back to our souls from somewhere, or we are lost.

The trouble may be that we need fresh air, exercise, a change of diet or scene. If so, there are ways of getting these aids to a more cheerful outlook. Or, it may be that we are given too much to reflection and too little to action, so that our "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." At least some of our problems are solved more readily on our feet than in the study chair.

The real trouble is likely to lie deeper, however, and in most cases nothing less than the touch of God upon our spirits can generate fresh hope and new energies within us. The experience of Elijah in the cave may be helpful—"What doest thou here, Elijah?" When once it is evident to us that God has sought us out and we catch an echo of the still small voice, we shall be well on the way to recovery.

● *Mental Peace Not to Be Attained*

In endeavoring to achieve a matured and confident faith, under the hand of God, it is well to bear in mind certain primary considerations.

For one thing, it will not do to count upon maintaining absolute mental peace. This is beyond us. In a world such as ours no Christian can expect always to enjoy inner content. No minister has any right to complacency. As we face the world and behold the tragedy of its sin, we must take it upon our hearts and suffer with it and for it. As we stand alone in the presence of God, we must be aware of the failings and unrealized possibilities of our own souls. We cannot be at ease in Zion. The everlasting tension between body and spirit, mind and matter, the Kingdom of God and the powers of the world, must always be a part of us. Aware of the suffering love of God in Christ and lamenting the unresponsiveness of the world, we cannot know peace.

● *Simplicity Toward God*

Again, it is well to strive for simplicity of faith. Many of us hedge our faith about with all sorts of rational safeguards. We tie it up with philosophic, economic and social strings which break so easily. When these break, our faith is likely to break also. We must set our faith loose from entangling worldly alliances so that when these disintegrate, our faith need not disintegrate with them.

Moreover, if our faith were more simple, the likelihood is that our commitment of ourselves to God would be less reserved. We are like the student of whom Dean Knudsen speaks who, when asked, "Do you believe in God?" replied: "There are two general beliefs—one that there is a God and the other that there is not a God. My own view is midway between the two." Our response must be an absolute "yes" without reservations that are contingent upon the survival of political or economic theory. To make Christian faith contingent upon faith in democracy, for instance, or the evolutionary hypothesis, is to load it with troublesome baggage.

Faith begins naturally in adolescent simplicity. In the case of most preachers it runs a course of development that involves a growing degree of complexity. If it is to avoid going to seed and losing its potency, it must be born again into something like the simplicity with which it began—less adolescent and more mature, indeed, but a simplicity, nonetheless—pure and unentangled.

Omar Khayyam complains that when young he heard great argument by doctor and saint but "evermore came out by the same door wherein I went." In the growth of Christian faith, we must come out at essentially the same door at which we go in. "Unless ye turn and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the other hand, our faith in man should become more sophisticated. It is well, at least now and then, to remind ourselves that all men, including the best (meaning ourselves) are sinners. It is just as well not to stake everything upon the continuing good sense and critical discernment of the majority. A bit of disillusionment is good for us here. We shall be saved much disappointment if we bear in mind that many people are foolish and few have the capacity of sustained loyalty.

● *Foregoing Success*

As for ourselves, it is probably best to forego success. Whether we achieve it or not, the early glow is very apt to be rubbed off in the pursuit of it. Ambition is not only "the sin by which the angels fell," it is also an affliction which renders preachers unhappy. When the young preacher succeeds in his ambitions, he is likely to be vain and when he does not, which is more probable, he becomes the victim of a sense of futility and frustration. Only when we are freed of the obsession that we must be great preachers or influential persons in the community or builders of great churches or molders of public opinion shall we be likely to render sincere and genuine service to the Kingdom of God and acquire the power to possess our souls in patience amidst all the changes of our mortal life.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." 'Tis folly to set too high an evaluation upon ourselves and our work and expect the world to accept it. To be content with what we can reasonably expect enables us to find at least that degree of joy in our work which belongs to him who is faithful in a few things and does not expect to be ruler over many things.

● *The Glow of Mature Reflection*

Some kind of glow the preacher must have. But it should be the modest, steady glow that comes as the result of mature reflection and a wholehearted commitment to the purposes of God. We cannot give way to defeatism. However sobering our knowledge of life, however disillusioning our experience, as followers of the victorious Christ we need never be whipped by life nor overcome by the sense of futility. If we are, our usefulness will be seriously impaired. Prophets of doom we may have to be at times, like the prophets of old, but we can always be sure that salvation for the faithful is at hand. If disillusionment settles like a pall upon our spirits, as at times inevitably it will, we can always cheer our souls with the conviction that the failure lies in the weakness of humanity and the potency of evil powers and not in the validity of Christian ideals nor in the character and purpose of God. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

To be sure, we shall not be able to recapture the early glow. The flame of our candle is certain to be driven to the edges by the winds of changing opinion or be snuffed out by the hardness of life's realities. It would not be good for us if it were otherwise. The self-assurance of youth has a way of becoming topheavy and proving a burden. It will not answer the needs of maturity when we must go lightly clad. 'Tis better to "see all, trust God, nor be afraid."

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

REV. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *has* ministered at the Cathedral Church of Methodism, First Church, Evanston, Ill., for the past twenty years. He has been special lecturer at Yale, Colgate-Rochester, De Pauw, the University of Illinois and other schools and seminaries.

Receiving his education at Dartmouth and Union Theological Seminary, Rev. BOYNTON MERRILL was ordained in the Congregational Church in 1918. Following a brief pastorate in Putnam, Conn., he was associate minister of Old South Church, Boston, 1921-27. For the past twelve years he has been pastor of the Second Church in Newton, West Newton, Mass. He has also been lecturer in liturgics at Andover-Newton Seminary.

Ordained in the Methodist ministry in 1900, Bishop GEORGE CRAIG STEWART held two Chicago pastorates. In 1903 he was appointed deacon and priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church and was rector of St. Luke's Church in Evanston from 1904 to 1930. He has been Bishop of Chicago for the past nine years.

Rev. NORMAN E. NYGAARD *was in ambulance* service during the World War. He attended the University of Montpelier in France following the war and continued his education at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn., and at the Presbyterian Seminary in Omaha. From 1923 to 1927 he was in missionary service in South America. He held pastorates in Boulder, Colo., and Des Moines, Ia., and last January went to the historic First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles.

Rev. MARK A. DAWBER, *following a* ministry of several years in Wyoming, was called to the professorship of rural leadership at Boston University. In 1926 he became superintendent of the department of town and country work of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Church. He is now executive secretary of the Home Missions Council. Dr. Dawber's sermon in this issue has been prepared as a special message for the observance of Men and Missions Sunday, November 19.

An Englishman by birth, Rev. GEORGE A. BUTTRICK received his education at Lancaster Independent College and Victoria University (honors in philosophy). Following brief pastorates in Quincy, Ill., and Rutland, Vt., he became minister of First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y., in 1920. Since 1927 he has ministered at Madison Avenue Church in New York city. Dr. Buttrick is president of the Federal Council of Churches.

Rev. GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER *is* minister of the Unitarian Church in Keene, N. H.

Rev. H. NORMAN SIBLEY *is minister of* University Heights Presbyterian Church, New York city.

Rev. WILLIAM F. KOSMAN *is minister of* Salem Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

CHARLES J. WOOD, First Presbyterian, Fredonia, N. Y. "An Impossible Neutrality." Matt. 12:30—"He that is not with me is against me."

OSCAR L. RIVES, First Baptist, Tullahoma, Tenn. "New Gods and War." Judges 5:8—"They chose new gods; then was war in the gates."

ERNEST A. HULL, First Methodist, Kingman, Kans. "In Praise of Totalitarianism." Col. 3:11—"In that new creation there can be neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, slave nor free man, but Christ is all and in all."

GEORGE F. MCELVEIN, First Baptist, Cohoes, N. Y. "The Earth-to-Heaven Axis." Heb. 7:25—"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

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Text used (write out the text)

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REINHARDT NIEMANN, Methodist, Howell, Mich. "The Hungry Sword." II Sam. 2:26—"Is the sword to devour forever?" (Moffatt.)

D. W. CHARLTON, First Baptist, East New Market, Md. "A True Totalitarianism." Jer. 32:27, 38—"I am the Eternal, God over all men. . . . They shall be my people and I will be their God." Col. 3:11b—"Christ is everything and everywhere."

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD, Methodist, Media, Pa. "The Christian in Wartime." Jer. 4:30—"And thou, when thou art spoiled, what wilt thou do?"

WILLIAM A. WILT, United Brethren, Annville, Pa. "How God Changes Situations." Phil. 2:13—"It is God which worketh *in you* both to will and to do."

NORMAN G. WOON, Congregational, Calumet, Mich. "Building Out of the Broken Stones of Life." Neh. 4:2—"Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish which are burned?"

W. A. KALE, Central Methodist, Mooresville, N. C. "Let Christians Be Christians." Luke 9:62—"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

E. BRYAN KEISLER, Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Newberry, S. C. "Under New Management." Rom. 6:4b—"Even so we also should walk in newness of life."

HILLYER H. STRATON, First Baptist, Detroit, Mich. "Is Peace Possible?" Jer. 6:14—"Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

FOR a month now, the senate has been debating the embargo on "arms, munitions and implements of war." It seems likely that the vote in that body will be favorable to lifting the embargo. But the discussion has been salutary. For one thing, it has put every senator on record against America's entrance into the war and has thoroughly crystallized this purpose in the public mind. Three powerful motives are unquestionably influencing those who favor repeal. One is personal sympathy with Britain and France, and hatred and fear of the Hitler regime. Another is the promise for the business community, albeit disguised by much denial on the part of big business, for the profits of a wartime boom. The third is the political value of an apparent prosperity when the 1940 elections come round. Against these three powerful forces the defenders of the embargo have two main arguments. One is that a war boom in business is the worst thing that can happen to American economy. The other is that the repeal of the embargo in the interest of one belligerent side is obviously an unneutral act and will lead us into war (1) by exciting the other belligerent to acts of reprisal, (2) by opening the door for intensive Allied propaganda on the presumption of special privilege, and (3) by establishing in American mentality the presumption that this is our war and that having taken one step in participation we should not hesitate to take other steps as the occasion for taking them arises. I do not believe that this is our war, or that America will aid eventual peace in Europe by taking sides in it.

The Senate Debate

The Book of the Month

HIGHLAND SHEPHERDS, *by Arthur Wentworth Hewitt. Willett, Clark & Company, $2.00.*

I HAVEN'T read in many a day—if ever—a book on the preacher and his work which has so charmed, instructed, entertained and spiritually rewarded me as this book on the rural pastorate. It purports to be written for the country and small town minister, but if Dr. Fosdick or Dr. Tittle or Dr. Truett should ask me to name the one book on the Christian ministry which he personally for his soul's good ought to read, I would name this. And I would add that this is one of those rare prescriptions which while good for the soul taste good to the tongue! Dr. Hewitt is Luccock, Patton and Palmer rolled into one. He has the soundest judgment of preacher situations, the most delicate insight into the human nature of lay folk, the most devastatingly gentle power of showing up preachers' foibles, misdemeanors and social and professional "breaks," and the clearest idea about the relation of preaching to the pastoral function of any writer whose work has fallen into my hands. Not only every page but almost every sentence sparkles with delightful humor. The book deals with problems which lie within the modest and financially restricted circumstances of small churches where there are no grand pipe organs and operatic choirs—and it solves these problems triumphantly! It will send a glow through the heart and the ministry of every rural pastor. But, I repeat, it will illuminate the mind and heart of every city pastor who reads it.

A Thought for the Month

THE word "saint" has almost passed out of our working vocabulary. When I began my ministry, it was an unchallenged assumption in my mind that everyone—certainly every Christian—would like to be a saint. This I now know was naive. People do not care about being saints—the utmost assumption we are now allowed to make when preaching to people is that they would like to be good men and women. Even that assumption is dubious, for the moral ideal has been clouded with the passion for "success," for "getting on" in the world. The insecurity of life has become so acute that the need of getting a foothold in business or vocation becomes paramount to all consideration of the means by which the foothold is gained and, once got, maintained. Yet below this hectic scramble for a secure position in the secular order, there exists in the hearts of men and women an inalienable, even though suppressed desire to be worthy of life, that is, to be good. But to be a "saint" seems something superadded, superimposed upon this goodness. This is a misconception of sainthood, and is no doubt derived from the monastic conception of the saint as one who has renounced the world and been set apart to an order of life which is specifically labeled "religious." We should do our best to recover the word "saint" from this abuse. To be a saint is not to take the easy way of renouncing the responsibilities and relationships of normal human life and to live in the security of a cloistered and regimented piety. It is to take the harder way of accepting life as God has given it to us and to consecrate oneself to the purpose which God has for each one of us in the very thick and strain of these responsibilities. To be a saint is to find Christ's secret of just being good! That secret is trust in God, the surrender of one's will to the will of God, so that our goodness is not our own but the fulfillment in us and through us of the grace and love of God which transcends all human merit and virtue. The place for the saint is not in the cloister, but in the open world, and the distinguishing mark of the saint is that the roots of his strength and joy are fed by springs which lie far below the surface of the secular scene.

Called to Be Saints

Charles Clayton Morrison

• *Essential* Books for Ministers •

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By ARTHUR W. HEWITT

The delightful author of that delightful and popular book *Steeples Among the Hills,* again scores a ten-strike with this new volume. Written out of years of experience as a rural pastor in Vermont, full to overflowing with love for his work and his people, the author paints for his reader a vivid picture of the kind of man a rural preacher should be. The book is divided into four parts: The Person, The Priest, The Preacher, the Pastor. In twenty-two chapters he deals with the following subjects:

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The Manner of Rural Preaching
The Themes of Rural Preaching
Principles of Sermon Preparation (Reason)
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